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I AM the resurrection and the life : he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

Very early in the morning they came unto the sepulchre.

. . . Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen.

And he laid his right hand upon me, saying unto me, Fear not ; I am the first and the last : I am he that liveth and was dead ; and behold I am alive forever more, Amen ; and have the keys of hell and of death.

GLORIOUS Easter time ! The flower of the year ! Breathing its blessed atmosphere of life and immortality, there come to the soul elevation and rest. The deeper the inspirations of Christ's love and power,—the more the soul depends on Him,—the more real becomes the unquenched life of those who have gone out from us to be with Him, and the more certain the assurance of our finding them again. Filled with these thoughts, there should come to each of us an irresistible impulse to put hope into the lives of the millions of weary ones whose future is rayless and full of despair.

MISSIONS have much more of reality than of romance, but were the actual experiences described, the deeds recorded of

many who go forth with the gospel message, there would be found to be a heroism equaling that with which the imagination clothes the hero and the heroine of fiction.

In the history of our own mission there has been more than one instance of this kind. Just now, the return of missionary Sturges, leaving behind him his wife, on account of inability to accompany him, even when long years of service might be claimed by them as a reason for exemption, adds another to such examples.

Their work is among the Micronesian Islands, whither he has been taken in the missionary ship "Morning Star." He is over sixty years of age, hale and hearty, and his people welcome him with enthusiasm, hungry to be taught and cared for. In the language of another, we pray that the lives of both these consecrated ones "may be spared to be reunited; and that we may not forget that for the love of Christ and his dusky children in the midst of the seas, these two, whom God had joined, mutually put a continent and an ocean between them, when nearing the allotted age of man upon the earth; did it, too, with something of youthful enthusiasm."

AMONG the many ways in which the memory of Miss Crawford will be perpetuated, is by a room in Myrtle Hall, finished some time since, furnished with articles from India, and bearing her name. And now the west room in the Patna (Jellalore) bungalow is to be kept sacred by placing therein her choice effects, and calling it the "Missionary Room," in remembrance of her.

These tangible tributes are well. They testify to the virtues possessed and the victories won. But such ones never die. We miss them from our onward road, but they live in the enduring nature of their characters and deeds.

THE arrival of Miss Coombs at Midnapore is announced, just two months from the day of her sailing from New York. Mrs. Dr. Phillips says her coming is like a breath from the dear old New England hills.

Miss Hattie Phillips is temporarily located at Balasore, and Miss Millar, recently from Calcutta, is assisting Mrs. Dr. Phillips in her work this year.

Not Unto Himself.

UP from the dead He comes ; no bands might bind Him.
Who came death's captives from their chains to save ;
And those, who in the morning seek to find Him,
Only behold a lonely, rifled grave.

Fresh from the dead He comes ; amid the flowers,
Brighter, more fragrant, and more pure than they ;
And those who bring their spice these early hours,
An angel bids to look where Jesus lay.

Not for Himself, Christ rose that Easter morning,
Not to Himself the conqueror liveth now ;
Not that His head alone might wear the crowning,
Placed the diadem above His brow.

For us, for us His mighty wonder-working,
For us He trod the wine-press all alone,
Burst the rock-gates, and through the garden taking
His path, passed grandly upward to His throne.

For us He lives through all the passing ages,
Dropping through unclosed hands His gifts to men ;
The angel who records them on its pages,
Finds only loving deeds to us to pen.

For us His grace, a treasury unfailing,
Of wisdom, faith, and love, and inner light ;
For us His instant prayer, and, all-prevailing,
For us His armor proved in every fight.

Not to ourselves we live the life He giveth,
His resurrection life, our own to day ;
He only in Christ's resurrection liveth,
Who gives, as Jesus gave, his life away.

Then gladly come we, this fair Easter morning,
Bringing such spices as our lives afford,
Not to an empty grave, but — no man scorning —
To those He rose for, and our risen Lord.

—At the Beautiful Gate.

THE first school for the freedmen was established by the American Missionary Association. It was opened on the 17th of September, 1861, only five months after the beginning of the war, at Hampton, Va., where many fugitive slaves had gathered under the protection of the guns at Fortress Monroe. The spot overlooked the waters on which the first slave ships entered the American Continent,

Noble Words.

[BY MRS. J. E. BURKHOLDER.]

IN looking through a report of the Baptist Missionary Society of England recently, my eye fell on the following passages, which sent a thrill through my soul. I wish I had the ability to thunder them in the ears of every one of our ministers, and every young man preparing for the sacred office, until our cries to God and man for help were heeded, until our ears, weary with listening, could catch the joyful tidings from over the ocean that reënforcement was at hand. Do not selfishly hug to your bosoms the choicest fruit of our colleges and seminaries, thinking that *anything* will do for India, but send us your tried, your strong men, with well-balanced and thoroughly cultivated minds, whose brave hearts are all aglow with love to Christ and the benighted ones. Bid such men God-speed, and hasten them on their journey ere it is too late.

The report says: "The great apostle of Africa, David Livingstone, in writing to the directors of the Missionary Society, said: 'I am at your disposal to go anywhere, *provided it be FORWARD*. Can the love of Christ not carry the missionary where the slave-trade carries the trader? I don't know whether I am to go on to the shelf or not, but if I do, I make Africa the shelf. The command is *go*, and I must *go*; I can't be kept back.' Well would it be for the world and the church if, instead of looking around upon others in search of a substitute to send, we could feel these words, 'Go ye into all the world,' come home as a direct call to *ourselves*.

. . . A life lived *for* Christ, *in* Christ, *with* Christ, shall find its fullest, truest, completest joy, as with Charles Mackenzie, who alone amid fevered swamps, and racked with fevered pains, wrote in faint but unfaltering lines: 'With my own hand I desire to place on record that, had I twenty lives to live, Africa should gladly have them all. Oh, for more life to live for Christ.'

Reminiscences.

[BY MRS. M. M. H. HILLS.]

(SECOND DECADE OF THE F. B. INDIA MISSION.)

MRS. PHILLIPS, with her eight children and Dula, arrived in Boston, May 13, 1854. On the whole they had been favored with a pleasant passage, though they had encountered some severe gales, in one of which their captain narrowly escaped being washed overboard. The Rev. D. P. Cilley, then pastor of the Boston Free Baptist church, met them at the wharf and at once conveyed the whole party to his house, where Mrs. Phillips was most affectionately welcomed by Mrs. Cilley, her former beloved teacher. Other friends were also there to greet her. Here she rested several days, and after visiting her brother in Lawrence, Mass., she settled in New Hampton, N. H., where her children could enjoy its excellent school privileges.

The missionaries continued to watch with intensest interest the anti-slavery contest in their native land, and when the news of the passage of the infamous Nebraska bill reached them, they were terribly shocked. Mr. Phillips thus gave expression to his feelings, in a letter to the corresponding secretary, under date of May 25, 1854: "Your letter gave us the first intimation of this attempted encroachment of the slave power, but we were unwilling to believe that an act of such open, bare-faced perfidy, such outrageous violation of a nation's solemn compact, such high-handed treason against the happiness, liberty, and lives of our own countrymen, was about to be perpetrated by the American Congress, in the name and by the authority of the American people. But we were not long permitted the solace of this doubt. The Calcutta *Englishman* soon brought the astounding intelligence that the awful deed was done! that the Senate of the United States, after a stormy debate, had passed the Nebraska bill by a large ma-

jority!! An indescribable sensation of horror, shame, and momentary despair, came over me. Is such Christian America? Can it be possible? Is our nation one of traitors who are bound by no treaties, while they boast to the world that might is right? At this rate how long will it be before the few righteous may expect a Divine summons to depart out of Sodom? Truly the spirit of slavery, like that of 'the Man of Sin,' is alike unchanged and unchangeable, insatiate and insatiable! To this spirit, the sighs, and groans, and bloody sweat, and scalding tears of millions of men, women and children, robbed, oppressed, insulted, crushed into the very dust, are nothing! . . . Like a desolating surge from the bottomless pit, it foams and rages, and rushes on, leveling dikes, obliterating land-marks, and spreading dismay, destruction, and death, wherever its fiery billows can reach. From a suppliant infant, seeking only to be tolerated, slavery has become a monster demanding the lion's share, dictating its own terms, and in one way or another, sooner or later, gets its demands!"

The letters of our missionaries about this period contained pictures of some of the harrowing scenes amidst which they were laboring. July 10, Mrs. Cooley wrote: "Our hearts are often made sad by the strange infatuation with which the people hasten after their false gods. A few days since occurred the great festival at Pooree,—a festival that attracts many thousands of poor, deluded, idolatrous worshipers to pay their devotions at Juggernaut's shrine, and our high road is now crowded with poor pilgrims on their return home. A more pitiable sight we could hardly imagine. Such sorrowful, dejected looking countenances, with hands outstretched, crying '*give! GIVE! GIVE!*' are enough to excite the deepest pity. Many who make pilgrimages to Juggernaut are widows. As the customs of the country forbid their second marriage, and their relations consider them an incumbrance, they are urged to go on pilgrimages, hoping they may die by the way. The cholera, as usual, has done its work of death among them. It is estimated that over 10,000 have died between here and Pooree (a distance of about 200 miles). For several evenings the brethren have been out to preach to them by the wayside, and have tried to make known to them a 'more excellent way.' But they were often so noisy and boisterous, that it is feared the truth made little impression on their

minds. Most of them return in a wretched state of poverty, having spent their time, money, and strength for that which satisfieth not. The Hindus are strongly attached to the religion and customs of their fathers. Often while acknowledging the inconsistency of worshiping idols made by man, yet their fathers did, and why should they not? Caste is another giant obstacle. It costs a Hindu something to become a Christian. He has literally to forsake houses and lands, wife and children, parents, brothers, sisters, ALL, ALL for Christ; and shall we think it strange if, at first, the leaven of the Gospel should work slowly? So long as we are assured that the 'heathen shall be given to Christ for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession,' we have encouragement to pray and labor on."

"From time immemorial," wrote Mrs. Cooley, "it has been the custom in Bengal for the natives to carry their sick, who were not expected to recover, to the open field, or the river Ganges, when sufficiently near, and there leave them at the very time when they most need assistance and sympathy, and which, if properly bestowed, would doubtless, in many cases, be the means of their recovery. It is considered a great pollution in this country, to have anything to do with the dead, and with the Bengalees to allow a person to die in their houses. Hence, in the last hours of dissolution, parents and children, brothers and sisters, relatives and friends, no matter who, must be carried out to die — hurried away while the breath of life remains. If they die in the field, or by the side of or in the river, well and good, but if they happen to recover, they are never permitted to return to their homes again, but are to be regarded as dead, as outcasts, as having lost caste; hence no member of the family will eat with them. Many of them take their own lives, while others have little huts built by the river-side, or in the field, where they spend the rest of their days, or go on pilgrimage. This same practice is kept up in Orissa by the Bengalees, as I had occasion yesterday to know. In Remna, three or four miles from Balasore, where several Bengalees reside, in a family of standing and wealth, a daughter, fourteen or fifteen years of age, who was married but had not left the parental roof, had been for some time sick with dropsy. A member of the family came to our dispensary for medical aid. I sent the doctor yesterday to see how she was. On reaching the house, he found that she had been unconscious for two days, and meantime had not taken

the least nourishment. The family had concluded that she would not recover, so they were making preparations to carry her out to the field, and had collected part of the wood for burning the body. The doctor persuaded them to delay taking her out, and after administering a little medicine and nourishment, she revived, and when he left, she was sitting up and able to talk.

The practice of burning the dead is considered by the larger portion of the Hindus as a holy act; but Mohammedans and some classes of Hindus never burn, but bury their dead. Those who die in childhood, it is said, are never burned by any class in India.

Second Decennial Missionary Conference in India.

THIS conference was held in Dr. Thoburn's church, Dhurumtollah, Calcutta, from December 28, to Jan. 3, 1883. It was under the presidency of Major-General, the Honorable Sir H. Ramsey. There were daily morning prayer-meetings at half-past seven o'clock, morning sessions of conference from ten to one o'clock, and afternoon from two to half-past four o'clock. Tiffin was provided daily, to which all members were invited. A large number of societies were represented, and many able papers were presented and important themes discussed.

Our present notice of this remarkable gathering will be confined to the woman's session, and our narrow limits will only allow a brief glance at that. Says the *Indian Witness*: "On the morning set apart for Woman's Work, a dozen ladies appeared on the platform, and discussed the question with the utmost freedom and the most marked ability that was displayed at any stage of the Conference. . . . Many grave men were heard to say that they never before listened to a series of addresses which were at once so entertaining and so powerful."

VALUE OF THE WORK.

Miss Hewlett, of the Church Missionary Society, was the first speaker. She said:

"The kind of work we women are engaged in is the most interesting, the most promising, and the most difficult in the

Indian mission field. The most interesting — because it takes us into the zenanas, and in other ways shows us spectacles of human life not accessible to other workers; the most promising — because it takes us to the side of the sick, the sorrowful, and the disconsolate, affording us opportunities to reach the heart when it is most susceptible; the most difficult — because it has to be accomplished by women, unaided, who are weak in themselves, and who, until lately, have enjoyed few facilities to prepare themselves for the work."

Miss Thoburn, of Lucknow, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, read the second paper:

"Ten years ago, we were feeling our way through the perplexity of gaining access to the zenanas; to-day, the question is, where are the workers for the work to which the way is open? We refuse almost daily invitations to enter new houses, because our numbers are insufficient. But woman's evangelistic work is not confined to the zenanas. The working women are the largest class in India. Their minds are narrow beyond the power of our imagination to conceive, but they are human; and as they have gone about their lowly tasks, there has come to every one of them human sorrow, with its awakenings and questions, and they have had thoughts of life and death, of sin and responsibility, of destiny and God. One woman, who came a long way to be taught, and who has since taught others, told me that she was first awakened by the single word 'salvation,' which caught her ear as she passed a preaching stand in the bazar."

CHILD-MARRIAGE.

Mrs. Etherington, of Benares, Baptist Missionary Society, presented an able paper, embracing this subject:

"The chief hindrances to our work are the customs of the country, and the worst of these, beyond all comparison, is the *marriage of children*. That blight and curse the government could have put down as easily as it did infanticide, suttee, the exposure of the sick to die, the *charakpeojah*, and the crushing of men under the wheels of Juggernaut. Suttee destroyed its thousands, but this destroys its ten thousands. . . . Those of us who have had ample opportunities for learning how the health, happiness, and general well-being of the people are affected by this custom must know that, of all the evils which ignorance, vice, and tyranny have combined to lay upon the weak and helpless, this is, without exception, the

worst. . . . I say, deliberately, that I am aware of nothing in the condition of woman in any age or any nation that is worse than this. . . . There are 21,000,000 widows in India, and half of them were never wives. Some of these widows have said to me: 'Your government stopped our burning ourselves with the bodies of our husbands, and we are now left without a remedy.' Is it any wonder that many of them take their lives, in despair, and that a still larger number seek refuge from a life of suffering in a life of sin? We are blessed with a viceroy who fears God and seeks to do justice to man. Will he close his ear to your appeal in behalf of woman? To save the millions of India's daughters from the cruelties of child-marriage, and from what child-widowhood means here, will add more lustre to his rule than any system of local self-government or mass education can shed upon it. How can men govern themselves who have not given freedom to their women? I appeal to this great Conference to resolve to do something for the removal of one of the greatest wrongs that woman has suffered at the hands of men. Quit you like men. I plead on behalf of twenty millions of helpless widows, and of millions of suffering wives and children, and in His name, who said, 'Woman, why weepest thou?'"

BLOWS AT THE HEART.

Miss Greenfield, of the Presbyterian Mission, Lahore, discussed several topics with evident ability:

"In listening to the eloquent speeches of our brethren, I have been struck by the fact, that speaker after speaker has urged that by bazar preaching, by higher education, and other branches of mission work, you are dealing heavy blows at the HEAD of the gigantic form of heathenism, which it is our mission to meet and conquer. 'Higher education,' we are told, 'was to slay Hinduism through its brain,' though it has not done so yet!

"My sisters, you and I, in all our woman's weakness and conscious inefficiency, are here in India to strike this death-blow, not at the monster's *head*, but at his *HEART*, and by God's help we shall draw out his life-blood yet. For I believe that the heart of Hinduism is not in the Vedas or Shasters, not in the fine-spun philosophy of its exponents, not even in the bigoted devotion of its religious leaders; but enshrined in the homes, in the family life and hereditary customs of the people, fed, preserved, and perpetuated by

the wives and mothers of India. Therefore, I say that the zenana teacher, with her personal influence on the family-life of her pupils ; the medical lady, with her double ministry of healing for body and soul ; the teacher of girls in christian and heathen schools, training the future women of India, these all are directing their blows, with no uncertain aim, at the very hearts of the gigantic forms of ignorance, superstition, and heathenism that have long held despotic sway over this vast empire. Let us, in our Master's name, lay our hand on the hand that rocks the cradle, and tune the lips that sing the lullabies.

"The Panjabis have a proverb to the effect that a carriage cannot run with only one wheel, and use it to illustrate the fact that man and wife must pull together if the household is to prosper. I think the mission chariot is no exception to this rule ; that even though you may consider woman's work a very small wheel, like the little wheel of the bicycle, still that wheel bears an important share in the general progress ; and I venture to think, further, that your carriage will be all the steadier and run more safely when the two wheels are of *equal* size and run on *parallel* lines, instead of one behind the other.

EVANGELISTIC WORK.

"My Christian sisters, when you resolved to leave all for Christ and come to India, what was it that moved your inmost soul to pity, and prompted you to self-devotion? Was it not the inarticulate cry of the millions of women steeped in blackest depths of sin, ignorance, and misery, and passing through time out into eternity, without a single ray of hope from the Sun of Righteousness? The MILLIONS are in darkness still! In spite of all the progress of zenana and school work, the masses in our cities and villages are untouched. I implore you, whatever be your special branch of labor, in school, or zenana, or hospital, to give a portion of your time to pure evangelistic work. Go out into the streets and lanes of the city, and compel them to come in. Go out to the poor outcasts and tell them of a burden-bearer for them. Go out into the villages, and as the women flock around, tell them in song and speech of the love of Jesus. Go out into the melas and festivals, and lay hold of the women there, and tell them of the water of life and the blood of Christ that can clean their polluted hearts. Preach

the gospel to the poor, and thus follow in His blessed footsteps who spent the three years of His public ministry in seeking poor lost sinners in the towns and villages of Galilee. Oh, for *more time, more strength!* The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are *very, very few.*"

Mrs. Ferguson, of Calcutta, engaged in zenana work twenty years ago, and rejoiced to be back again, in God's providence. She stood there more from pride and thankfulness for her missionary ancestry than anything else. The name of her mother, Mrs. Mullens, was still cherished in the zenanas.* . . .

Mrs. Major Tucker, of the Salvation Army, said :

"I have been watching this zenana work a long time. When my husband was in the civil service, and we went about through the villages, I often gathered the women by the hundred, and spoke to them of Christ. And I have often met these earnest zenana women. In the Punjaub, I have seen my aunt, Miss Tucker [A. L. O. E.], gather together women and children for religious instruction, and my heart has been in the work. Looking upon these poor heathen, and slightly changing the words, I have often sung :

'Shall I, whose heart is lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall I to these benighted
The lamp of life deny?'

"A native gentleman said to me the other day : 'These ladies are doing such a grand work'; and I want to say to these sisters : you are doing a grand work. The men are planting the strong guns, the rifled cannon, and directing these against the citadal; you are undermining the walls. The word preached in the zenanas is not powerless. Many a time, in the Punjaub, have I seen small boys crowd in among the women and girls, and sit at the feet of the missionary, looking up into her face, as if she were an angel."

"Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do;"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task he gives you gladly,
Let his work your pleasures be;
Answer quickly when he calleth,
"Here am I! send me! send me!"

* Mrs. Mullens' embroidered slipper was the key that first opened the zenanas.

Correspondence.

[FROM MISS HOOPER.]

WAYSIDE TEACHING.

ACCEPTING Mrs. Smith's kind invitation to come here and rest awhile, I left Midnapore this week with one of my teachers, Rutini, intending to visit villages on the route, as Rutini has a special gift for imparting religious instruction. During the journey we found it not advisable to leave the road, yet we found opportunities for work just at our hand. For instance, the sun was so hot we frequently rested in the shade, and visited the homes near by. A request for water to cool my head, and the purchase of a few pice worth of sweetmeats one day, opened the way for religious conversation. Then a tract, to the only man in the number who could read, made a preacher of him ; as he read and we talked, an old man kept responding, "theke, theke," "right, right."

How many foot-sore, weary pilgrims we met on their way from the shrine of Juggernaut at Pooree. Their faces looked as if their souls were weary too, and we wished we could tell every one of them of the great Burden-bearer. Many of them fall by the wayside, and their weary bodies sleep the sleep of death, but their souls?— One dead body was lying by the road side. We grow faint and sick at the sights sometimes. Near the road-side a little farther on, a dead body was being burned. A man sat carelessly poking the fire as if he were cooking rice, while a number of friends were near, chatting in a very indifferent manner. An earnest-faced woman who was going to Balasore, chatted pleasantly, as she walked alongside of the gharrie. "I've been to Calcutta, to bathe in the Ganges." "Do you realize that the waters have made you holy?" "Oh, no, I've spent all my money, and still I *walk in darkness*. I'm seeking yet. My husband can read, and he says there is no virtue in bathing in the Ganges, or any of those things, and that we cannot see God, but He can hear us. I coaxed him to go with me to the Ganges, but he has no faith in it." We soon overtook the old man and his little boy, and, giving them tracts, hurried on. May that poor woman find the light she so longs for.

I went to such a nice girls' school with Miss Folsom yesterday. She has such a gentle, winning manner, the children

are attracted at once, and being won, they are held by love. Ah, that is the secret that wins the confidence of these poor heathen. One may have the "gift of tongues," but without love he is powerless. At this school one of the women who had come to look on, began to tell me how dear Miss Crawford visited their homes. "O, how she loved us. She would take me by the two hands, and talk so sweetly to me," and the tears stood in her eyes as she spoke of that one who was so dear to us. Yes, and is still, for her very presence seems to be here; it doesn't seem as if she had left us, scarcely, although her poor, weary body is resting by the chapel yonder, with the Santana (Peace) tree to mark the sacred spot.

As you probably know, Mrs. Smith is stationed here, and she finds no small amount of work to attend to. From early morning till night finds her either at the school, or engaged in superintending the industrial department. Then house repairs, or outside work, must be seen to, yet everything moves along like clock-work, and each member of the Orphanage is taught to help herself as well as others. Even the little girls sew beautifully.

JELLASORE, Jan. 20, 1883.

[FROM MRS. BURKHOLDER.]

CHURCH AND CHAPEL.

While there are some things to discourage, there is much to cheer and hearten us in our work. Do you remember my writing a year ago about one of our teachers and his wife being baptized? In December Mr. Burkholder spent two weeks or more in and about their village. With the help of their heathen neighbors they have put up a small chapel, which is used also as a school-house. A younger brother of this teacher, Juggernath, was baptized some months ago; there were two of our Christians living near them, and while Mr. Burkholder was there Juggernath's old father and mother were baptized and a branch church was organized of these seven. Now, is n't that cheering? Though the light necessarily must be dim, still it is the true light which, with God's blessing, can and will increase and shine out into the darkness. I hope we may live to see many such little churches scattered through these jungles.

The wood for the new chapel here which was dedicated on the first Sabbath of December, was given by the Indigo Co.,

whose land we occupy; the Santal teachers contributed something towards it, and the church did the rest. Aside from the doors, it has cost Rs. 112. There is a small debt on it, which we hope soon to wipe out, but these people are not yet very prompt in paying what they have subscribed. We have placed our chapel near the high-road to attract passers by. We hoped to have had seats in it, or rather backs fastened into the floor, but we have not got to that yet; instead we use date-leaf mats. I have been trying to get the people to sit straight, and the men and boys do pretty well, but the women, with the young army of little folks, are not so easy to manage. The walks and floor are all of mother-earth, and the walls are washed with a white earth brought from the rice-fields, which makes it look neat and clean.

[FROM MRS. MARSHALL.]

AN ECHO.

In a recent issue of the *Morning Star* I noticed a call from Mr. Coldren, of Balasore, for help in re-roofing the mission chapel of the church there. I wish to echo this call so loudly that it shall reach the ears of every one able to give.

When before in the history of our mission, has one of our Indian churches done such a thing as to raise 300 rupees, or about \$150, for its chapel, or for any other *purpose*? This, to some, may seem a small amount, yet if the sources from which it comes be considered it must look very differently.

The average monthly income of the families contributing to this fund will not exceed \$2.00; and even this amount is, in many cases, uncertain. To give from this pittance means deprivation in some way; this too is given outside of their monthly contributions to their pastor. If they from their mite can give so freely, cannot we from our abundance make up the sum required. A very fitting semi-centennial thank-offering from them, and shall we lose the blessing in store for us by withholding that which would give them the much-needed help and encouragement?

In what more fitting way can we express our thanks to Our Father, for permitting us during the past half-century to work among our benighted brothers and sisters in India, than to help rebuild one of the houses used in His worship for the past thirty years.

Some will at once object that this is too large an undertaking for their small mission band or society, to say nothing of

what as individuals they can do. Small means need not hinder in the least. The roof is made up of tiles, burgers, and beams. Seven thousand tiles will be required, costing one cent apiece, 720 burgers, costing six cents each, and fifty beams at \$1.50 apiece; and in addition to this there will be required 900 days' work, more or less, costing eight cents per day.

Now who or what society will take an interest in the building to the extent of 100 tiles and fifty burgers, more, if able, or less, if unable to do so much. Surely any child can help to buy one of the 7,000 tiles. I hope all our Sunday-School children will be represented in this work. Money should be on hand so that the roof can be completed by next rains, which come about the first of July.

HILLSDALE, MICH.

[FROM MISS BRACKETT.]

NOTES FROM HARPER'S FERRY.

Twenty years ago an African boy was kidnapped and put on board a whaling vessel. He was a heathen. He worshiped the boa-constrictor every dark of the moon.

On the Mediterranean Sea, chained to the deck to prevent his jumping over-board, as the time for worship drew nigh, the poor boy in his distress began to call upon his god. The captain noticing him said, "God is above; look up, boy, look up." The boy raised his eyes toward heaven, repeating in his own language these words, "O God have mercy on me, and deliver me." Straight to the consciousness of the boy came an answer from above, and ever after he worshiped the "God above" and sought to learn of Him. It was eleven years later that he was properly instructed concerning the true God, but he dates his conversion from that night on the sea.

The past nine years have been spent in this country, and the boy, now a man, is pastor of the Hagerstown F. B. Church, and pupil in Storer College. His wish is to so prepare himself that he may return to his native land as a missionary.

The death angel has visited Myrtle Hall, and summoned one of our number home. Susan Frazier died of pneumonia, Jan. 15, aged nineteen. This was her third year at school. She had learned to love the Saviour, and was prepared for the change.

Very heavily has the blow fallen on an aged, crippled

mother, who buries with this dear child—the last of eight children—all her earthly hopes.

She who spent the morning of her life in bondage must pass her evening in solitude. Happy for her that she can trust in One who leaves not his followers comfortless.

[FROM MISS COOMBS.]

EXTRACTS FROM HER JOURNAL.

ON THE RED SEA, Dec. 21, 1882.

My last long letter was sent just as we were entering Port Said. The place is very low, so that we had to come very near before it could be seen distinctly. It has a population of about 10,000, and some of the buildings are quite elegant.

We anchored just opposite a busy wharf, surrounded by a multitude of boats of all sizes and grades, fastened to the wharf and to each other.

An order from the shore told us we were in quarantine until the health officer came on board. Accordingly a yellow flag was hoisted indicating the same. Presently a boat came off with the aforesaid officer, the necessary papers were given him, the flag was hauled down, and soon we were surrounded with boats bringing useful, ornamental, and curious things for sale, and also ready to take any one on shore.

Several of the people on board went, but I staid and watched the varied, animated, and novel life on the wharf. It was Sunday morning, but nothing about us had the appearance of it. Some of those who went on shore said they saw a Greek church open, and several people with prayer-books. We could see from the vessel, a sentry pacing back and forth in front of the barracks, showing that the war had left a reminder.

The next day we passed Ismalia, which is half-way through the canal, and there we exchanged pilots and went on to Great Ritter Lake. We could go full speed through that, but it came dark before we were fully across, and so we anchored.

We had a beautiful sunset on the lake. Beautiful! I had never seen anything so lovely. The water was very smooth; just enough ripple to catch the tints, and the sky and water together made a perfect picture.

Just before we got to Ismalia we were shown a pretty little cottage on the bank, which they said was built for the Empress Eugenie, in which she stopped one night at the formal

opening of the canal. It was empty. We could see quite plainly the Khedive's palace at Ismalia, and those who were on this vessel on her last trip home told us of their having got to Ismalia the morning that the British troops were attacking Arabi at that place.

Ismalia was taken without firing into the town, but the British soldiers broke open the Khedive's palace and took possession of it. Ismalia is very much pleasanter than Port Said, for it is almost hidden by trees, which must require great labor to keep them growing in such a barren country.

When we took on the pilot at Ismalia, we learned that a vessel was aground almost down to Suez, and other vessels were waiting for her to get out of the way. In the morning when we were hoping to start on and get down to Suez by noon, and out into the Gulf that day, we were told by the signals at the telegraph stations that we must wait, for vessels were coming. After a time, some thirteen or fourteen passed by, and we started on again about three o'clock, but had another night in the canal.

The "stations" were quite pretty cottages, and some of them had beautiful gardens. It was refreshing to come to them after the barren stretch on either side. Among the novel sights seen was a large herd of camels feeding on the bushes that grow so stunted and scattering on the desert. Another was the thousands of long-necked and long-legged white birds standing in the water of Lake Memyeleh, on the right-hand side. As we left them in the distance, they looked like a long, white wall. The canal, in the first of its course, runs along side this lake. I might almost say through it, for it is very low and marshy.

Well, are you tired of the canal? We are nearly out of it.

JAN. 4th.

When I attempted to write the other day, it was so rough that I gave it up. It reminded us of the Bay of Biscay. We are now passing Ceylon, and there is a stiff breeze, but not much motion to the vessel. I have sniffed and sniffed for "the spicy breezes" that "blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle," but fail to recognize the spice. Some regret that we cannot stop here, but I am quite willing to forego the pleasure, if by that means we may reach Calcutta the sooner.

The Sanitarium.

OUR good friends must not let the Sanitarium drop out of their memories, their plans and their prayers. The dear Master does not want us to be burdened; but is it not also undoubted, that He looks to us for *action*, when once there has been shown us, as in this case, the need of a thing for the comfort and invigoration not only, but the prolonging of service and even life, and that the supplying of this need is left depending in some degree upon each one who knows of it. On the first page of the little book which contains the list of contributions for the Sanitarium are written in *loud* letters these words:

"Whatsoever things ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." The list was commenced just one year ago, March 22, 1882, and has been lengthening from month to month. At present it stands as follows:

Mrs. E. M. Walker, St. Johnsbury, Vt.....	\$5.00
Miss Lavina C. Coombs, Lewiston, Me.....	5.00
Mrs. B. F. Hayes, Lewiston, Me.....	5.00
Mrs. Merrill Jordan, Portland, Me.....	10.00
Mr. Lake, Harvard Corners, Wis.....	5.00
Miss Mary E. French, Grove Hall, Boston, Mass.....	.50
Miss Abby F. Phinney, Portland, Me.....	1.00
Mrs. Hutchinson, Saco, Me.....	10.00
Francis L. Hayes and his S. S. Class, Hillsdale, Mich.....	6.00
Mrs. Mary Hayes, Lewiston, Me.....	2.50
Mrs. E. N. Fernald, Lewiston, Me.....	2.00
Two Advent Brothers, per Mrs. T. F. Millett.....	1.50
First North Berwick Auxiliary, Maine.....	5.00
Mrs. Lucina H. Bixby Carleton, Williamstown, Vt.....	1.00
A Friend, Greenwich Street Church, Providence, R. I.....	5.00
Waterloo (Auxiliary), Iowa.....	1.00
Mrs. S. Williams, St. Thomas, Ont.....	.30
A Lady Friend (per Mrs. Hills).....	5.00
F. M. Hatch, Whitehall, N. Y.....	1.00
Ruth E. Brockett, Hartford, Ind.....	5.00

The money is put at interest as fast as received.

Mrs. B. F. HAYES,

Lewiston, Me.

Historical Sketches.

THE latter part of the present century has been marked by great activity in the missionary world, and especially so in the combining of women to carry forward the work to which they

have been called by the leadings of the Holy Spirit and the openings of Providence.

Though these efforts to organize cover a little more than a decade of years, yet enough has crystalized into history to cause great thankfulness for the past, and hopefulness for the future.

In *Historical Sketches* is found a brief review of this movement, and is the only book, so far as is known, giving such history.

It is edited and published by Mrs. Daggett, of Boston, and she has done a work of gratitude in gathering into permanent form so much of fact regarding Woman's Societies. It contains twenty-five sketches, and was first issued in 1879, but has been carefully revised during the past few months.

It is a volume which every missionary worker, who would understand the spirit of the age, should read. Its price is 75 cents, and it can be obtained of Mrs. Brewster.

If ordered with the pamphlets, *A Grain of Mustard Seed*, and *My Missionary Box and I*, they will be sent, post-paid, for \$1.

A Request.

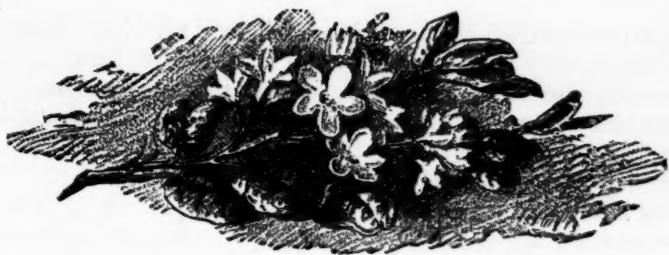
THE Home Mission committee of the Woman's Society earnestly solicit correspondence with all ladies in the West who can give us information in regard to, or who are connected with, any home mission work on the western frontier. We desire to gain a certain knowledge of the needs of different localities throughout the entire field, with a view to the adoption of some plan whereby we may enlist our auxiliaries and members in a different manner, that shall cause them to assume responsibilities for the advancement of this work.

Will every woman so informed or connected please consider this as a personal appeal, and address either of the committee, as follows:

MRS. J. L. TOURTELLOT, 95 Messer St., Providence.
 MRS. E. S. BURLINGAME, 23 Hudson St., "
 MRS. J. M. BREWSTER, 91 Smith St., "

Also, if any of our Sabbath Schools in any section have books which they have ceased to make use of, and desire to send them to some Sabbath School in the West, destitute of books, if they will apprise us of the fact, we will endeavor to put them in communication with such schools.

MRS. J. L. TOURTELLOT.



For the Young People.

Y. P. S. L. G.

THE members of the "Guild," and the young people in general, will be pleased to know that the Lewiston members, who number about fifteen, have formed an auxiliary, and have been holding regular meetings once a fortnight of late. They called the last meeting a "Longfellow evening," and an enthusiastic circle enjoyed the following programme: A pleasant, social discussion, bringing out a historical sketch of the poet's life; remarks on his "creed," or his religious principles, and his standing as a poet; papers on "The Professor," "Hyperion," "The Children's Poet," "Kéramos," and a closing address comparing the three poets, Longfellow, Whittier, and Tennyson. The subject for the next meeting is "The England of Queen Elizabeth," the revival of letters during the sixteenth century, making this age of English History an exceedingly interesting one.

I am glad to make a public note of this auxiliary, hoping that it will stimulate others of the "Guild" to gather a little group about them wherever they may be, for the sake of mental and moral culture. The young people of every church should have their christian band, mission band, and literary circle. And by literary circle, I do not mean the studying of dialogues, music, etc., for church entertainments, or parlor "theatricals"; but for the purpose of inciting the members to read good literature, to stir up each other's thoughts, and to become accustomed to converse and write on subjects which will be of mutual benefit. Dear young friends, let us not be afraid of becoming pedantic, but let us be more anxious to know what the great world is thinking about on the highest themes.

The first quarter of the "Guild's" work on English history has been a very gratifying one, and although no small amount of writing has been required, the corresponding secretary thinks her office has been a favored one. The correspondence has been pleasant and stimulating, and it has been especially encouraging to note the zeal which has led not a few to add to the prescribed course. The following are but specimens of a good many reports: "I propose to continue the volumes of Macaulay, and to read *Green's History of the English People*." "I am enjoying my history exceedingly, and mean this to be but a preliminary to a wider course." "I do not believe that I should ever have settled down to history, had it not been for the 'Guild.'" "I have read a good deal of other literature growing out of the history."

Therefore, for the service we have already rendered as a society, we feel that we have obtained a right *to be*, and we are already prepared to widen our plans for the work of another year. We desire, especially, to bring in to our fold a younger class of readers. Prof. K. Bachelder, chairman of the reading committee, is very much interested in this part of our work as a society, as we all are. With the beginning of April commences our "mission quarter," and we hope that all the members will be especially interested in one or more volumes contained in its list of reading mentioned in the January number of the HELPER.

MISS IDA H. FULLONTON, *Corresponding Secretary*.

LEWISTON, ME.

Stirring Up the Gifts.

[From an article in *Gospel in all Lands* by Emma L. Burnett, arranged for use in missionary meetings, by Mrs. Libbie Cilley Griffin.]

MRS. MCKINLAY.—What a strange sermon our minister preached last Sunday! It will keep running in my mind.

MINNIE LYLE.—Last Sunday? Let me see. The text was—

MRS. MCK.—"Stir up the gift of God which is in thee."

MINNIE L.—Yes, I remember now. It was, "Stir up the gift of God which is in thee." He talked about making the most of our talents in work for God, and all that.

MRS. MCK.—But I don't know as I have any gift to stir up.

MINNIE L.—You wouldn't like any one else to say that.

MRS. MCK.—No, I don't suppose I should; but what I mean is, that though I may have a kind of a *knack* about some things, I have no decided talents—nothing you could call a gift.

BESSIE LANSING.—But your kind of a knack is just the very thing. You know he said in his sermon that *all* endowments and qualities of every kind which God bestows upon us are gifts. Personal attractiveness, graces of body or mind, acquisitions of wealth, knowledge or skill, places of power and influence, he regarded as gifts which we are to use for God's glory.

MRS. MCK.—That is all very true. But we may have some of these gifts and yet they may not be available; for some reason or other we may not be able to make use of them.

BESSIE L.—That is exactly where part of the "stirring up" comes in. We must *make* them available; we must shape them so they will fit in when they are needed. I will read you something else the minister said, for I took notes. He said, "It is necessary also that we *develop* our gifts. All the forces with which God endows christian life are susceptible of growth, culture, enlargement." Then again, "To stir up the gift which is in thee" is to obtain all information, obey all rules, improve all opportunities, acquire all arts, do all work, lay hold of all advantages and facilities by which your own life may be made happier and stronger, and your efforts for the world more successful.

MISS DAWES.—Oh, yes! Its very easy to stand up in the pulpit and say all that, but it isn't so easy to put it into practice.

BESSIE L.—I don't know about that. When one is very much interested in anything, it is wonderful how all the energies of one's body and soul are brought to bear on that object.

MRS. MCK.—I suppose, Miss Bessie, you think gifts and everything else ought to be stirred up in behalf of Foreign Missions—that's your hobby.

BESSIE L.—Yes, and I don't know of any gift which cannot be turned to some account in that work. It takes in everything.

MISS DAWES.—Now, I'm sure there's nothing I can do. Foreign missions is not in my line at all. I can take an interest in Aid societies, and needs that I can see, but the other is so far away.

BESSIE L.—Far away! Far away! When people in Boston, Chicago, and San Francisco, and people in Midnapore, Calcutta, and Corisco are pouring out their hearts in letters to each other; when our sons and daughters, our brothers and sisters and dearest friends, are preaching and teaching in all parts of the world; when workers at home and workers abroad are always praying for each other! It isn't far away! It's the very nearest thing!

MISS DAWES.—Well, I should like to help in the work if I felt there was anything I could do.

MINNIE L.—I'll tell you. Just go to a good Quarterly Meeting, or a meeting of some wide-awake auxiliary, and get stirred up yourself. Then you'll soon begin to search around for gifts, and you will find them.

MISS D.—Tell me one.

MINNIE L.—I have heard that you write most delightful little notes to your friends.

MISS D.—Why, no, indeed! And even if I do—if people think so—how is that going to help on the missionary cause?

MINNIE L.—Easily enough. You can in that way interest people in the work. Tell them about *such* a good meeting, then the

next time they will want to go, and then they will want to do. The thing is to give them a start. Laura Forbes told me it was because of a spicy little note she received from you, telling about Professor Dunn's lectures on Palestine, that she was induced to attend them, and became so interested that now she is deep in the study of sacred history—much better for her than reading so many novels.

MISS D.—I'm glad you told me that.

MINNIE L.—Bessie and I were just saying the other day, that many things ladies do now can be turned to such good account in missionary work. For instance, many ladies are studying elocution—having their voices trained and becoming good readers. Now, when so much of the interest in the work is created and kept up by means of the various meetings which are held, this kind of training comes in very good place. Then, music is such an important feature, and in every little circle there are ladies who can sing and play, and know how to select appropriate music. There are ladies, too, who have great gifts in the way of organizing and directing, so, other things being equal, they are the very ones to have charge of bands and auxiliaries.

MRS. MCK.—Yes, no doubt it is very good work, if one can do it. But suppose a woman were old, fifty or sixty, she couldn't be expected to take much part.

MISS D.—I do not think so. If I worked when I was young I should not want to be left out when I was old.

BESSIE L.—Nor I, and just now when everything is coming true, too.

MRS. MCK.—Coming true?

BESSIE L.—Well, being fulfilled. When deserts are blossoming like the rose, and nations are being born in a day, and the knowledge of the Lord is spreading and spreading! It's just sublime to be allowed to help a little!

MISS D.—I dare say it would spread a great deal faster if we all had your enthusiasm.

BESSIE L.—It's one of my gifts. I don't hesitate to claim it; and I am going to keep stirring it up all the time.

MRS. MCK.—Bessie, some women seem to know but little but fancy work, and do little else. That's their particular gift. Does that come in in Foreign Missions?

BESSIE L.—Comes in splendidly. They can make money out of that.

MRS. MCK.—Well, suppose a woman were shut up in the house most of the time, taking care of five or six little children. You *could* not expect her to do anything in your favorite work.

BESSIE L.—She could train all her children to be missionaries.

MISS D.—I declare, Bessie! I never saw such a girl in my life! I believe, if a woman were bound hand and foot, and chained to a dungeon floor, you would think she could do something for missions.

BESSIE L.—*She could pray.* "Thy kingdom come," can be heard from the lowest depths of the darkest dungeon.

Words from Home Workers.

MAINE.

DEAR SISTER WORKERS: I know you will all be glad when I tell you we have another Auxiliary in our small Quarterly Meeting, organized last November at Sweden. It has made a good beginning with sixteen members, and is already taking a worthy stand in promptness and efficiency. Its president, Mrs. Plummer, vice-president, Mrs. B. F. Whitney, and secretary, Miss Hattie Bangs, are all energetic and capable, which means a great deal, for I have learned by my short experience, that where a society is well-officered, it always thrives. We now have five auxiliaries, and the interest is constantly increasing. Ladies who were indifferent at first are coming into the ranks, and getting to be real workers.

Our Q. M. sessions have increased in interest so much, that the committee in charge have decided to devote the whole of Wednesday evening at the Quarterly Meetings to mission interests. Our last session during the February Q. M. was one of the most interesting we have had. Among other excellent things was a paper, "Thoughts on Missions," prepared by Miss Bangs, of Sweden, which deserves more than a passing notice; two songs by Mrs. J. Flint's little girls, and remarks by Mrs. Sylvester and our president. The recitations and select readings were all good, holding the interest unabated to the close. The attendance was fair, notwithstanding,

"The wind it blew, and the snow it flew."

I am so glad we are to have the HELPER every month. It is a helper indeed, and comes like the face of a dear friend. Would that all could have its blessed, stimulating presence.

Mrs. L. R. BARROWS, *Q. M. Secretary.*

A VERY interesting missionary concert was held at the F. B. Church, in South Parsonsfield, on the evening of Feb. 11. So much was it enjoyed by those present, that a request was made that it be repeated on the following Wednesday evening, during the session of our Q. M.

This was done, the exercises giving even more satisfaction than on the previous evening. Programme nearly the following: Singing by the choir; reading of Scripture by Mrs. Chellis; prayer by Rev. T. F. Maxim; report of secretary, giving a synopsis of the work of the society since its organization, five years ago; loving reference was made to Mrs. George Davis, one of the efficient members of our society, who, since our last concert, has been called to her heavenly home; resolutions on the death of this dear sister were presented by Miss Jennie Haynes, and adopted by the society; reading of poem, and letter written for the occasion by Mrs. V. G. Ramsey; recitation by four little girls; select reading by Mrs. Rand; "The Toilers,"—a dialogue by the young people.

Special mention should be made of the fine singing interspersed through the exercises, and also of the dialogue, the different characters in which were represented by our young people in a manner which not only did great credit to themselves, but also gave evi-

dence of their interest in missions, and of their ability to take up the work when it must be laid down by older hands.

Remarks were made by ministers present, and a collection of \$4.07 was taken. When we left the church, it was with deepened feelings of consecration to the Master's work.

S. JENNIE CHENEY, Sec.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Mrs. Greeley, Q. M. Secretary, writes that a band of children having the suggestive name of "Helping Hands," gave a Japanese tea-party, in January, from which was realized the sum of twenty-five dollars, to be used for the education of India children. These "Hands" must be very happy, because so useful.

VERMONT.

In Washington, there exists a mission band whose members are called Hopeful Workers. It was organized a little more than two years ago, with only four members, which have increased to forty-six, with ages from four to fourteen. It has never been convenient for them to meet often, but they have been getting knowledge of the need of mission work, and the value of small amounts even, in helping to send the gospel to heathen lands. Among the work done, they have sent a quilt to Harper's Ferry.

This band has been tenderly cared for by Mrs. Clark, the pastor's wife, who has been obliged to leave them because of the failure of her husband's health, but her interest in them continues, and though thirty miles distant, she is encouraging these Hopeful Workers to go forward, and expects that they are to prove themselves true to their name. May they never be weary in well-doing.

DEAR SISTERS: In view of past and present blessings so freely bestowed upon us, are we doing all we should for the mission cause? Warm-hearted Christian women, take this matter home, ask the question—Am I doing all I can to promote the interests of Christ's kingdom, or am I neglecting one great duty? Answer this question by engaging zealously in our great work.

We want Q. M. societies, more auxiliaries and children's bands, more copies of the HELPER. (Remember, all the profits accruing from the HELPER go to the treasury, to aid in our mission work.) We doubtless have small churches in our Y. M. who know nothing of our work, but should be reached by our Q. M. secretaries. Make them acquainted with the HELPER; also, should they have an auxiliary, which thus interested will help the cause, also the church. May prayer and works accomplish much just now.

Mrs. F. P. EATON.

NEW YORK.

Mrs. William Sherwood, president of the Q. M. Society, writes that the mission meeting held in connection with the session at Warren Center, was not large in attendance, but at that place the interest in missions is good, and the sisters are doing a good work. The young people

are valuable helpers in the gatherings. At this meeting, which was an anniversary one, there was presented an original poem by Miss Landis, of Pennsylvania, "He giveth his beloved sleep," which was another tribute to the memory of Miss Crawford.

MICHIGAN.

The annual meeting of the Young People's Mission Society was held February 15th, at the Free Baptist Church of Greenville. The president being absent, the meeting was called to order by the vice-president, Miss Linna Baker. Report of the secretary was read and accepted. The following officers were elected for the coming year: F. C. Snyder, President, H. L. Baker, Vice-President, Clara M. Smith, Secretary and Treasurer. Five new members were added to the society. This society has for its object the education and support of Jennie Ritter, of Jellasure, an orphan taken by Mr. Coldren to support in the Orphanage.

CLARA M. SMITH, *Secretary*.

Whereas, It has pleased our Heavenly Father, in His mysterious providence, to remove from her faithful post of duty, the corresponding secretary of this Society, our dear Sister Holmes, therefore,

Resolved, That while we mourn the removal of another faithful, efficient worker in the cause of missions, a consistent member of the church, and a loved teacher, we will try to say "Thy will be done," praying that as the faithful ones lay off their armor, we who remain may be incited to renewed diligence in the performance of life's duties.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the friends, and to the MISSIONARY HELPER for publication.

MRS. A. D. TAYLOR,
Secretary of the F. Q. M., W. M. S.

Topic for Monthly Meeting.

"BUT if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen. And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain."—1st Cor. xv., 13, 14.

RE-ECHO.—We call attention to Mrs. Marshall's letter in Correspondence. She has recently come from Balasore, and understands about the repairs on the mission chapel there, the efforts the natives are making, and how much they need assistance. Here is something very tangible to do, and we hope many societies and schools will be ready to contribute. Let some one be willing to become responsible for the collections, sending the money to the treasurer that is most accessible.

A WONDERFUL religious awakening among the Indians commenced last April in the Moravian mission on the Mosquito Coast, Central America, and is reported as still continuing. Over four hundred persons have joined the church, and others are waiting to be received.



Children's Niche.

BLESSED Saviour, thou didst suffer
 Little ones to come to thee :
 Lo! we offer now our tribute ;
 Let our praise accepted be.
 Mid the hallelujahs ringing,
 Mid the burst of angel song,
 Stoop to hear our childish humming
 While we glad the note prolong.

We have found there's *room for children*,
 We have found there's *work to do* ;
 All our hearts and hands enlisting,
 May we to that work be true.
 In the great and glorious army,
 Battling with the hosts of sin.
 We can march with banners flying,
 We can help the victory win.

For a cry of deepest sorrow
 Comes across the waters blue ;
 " Ye who know salvation's story
 Haste to help and save us too ;
 Shed, oh ! shed the gospel glory
 O'er the darkness of our night,
 Till the gloomy shadows vanish
 In its full and blessed light."

For these poor benighted millions
 We can give and work and pray,
 And our gifts and prayers united
 Sure will speed that happy day,
 When no more to idol bowing,
Jesus only shall be king,
 And ten thousand voices ringing
 Shall his praise victorious sing.

— *Missionary Record.*

A Beautiful Example.

IN a town within the limits of the Penobscot Yearly Meeting, remote from business centres, may be seen from time to time a band of little girls coming together with needles, thread, thimbles, scissors, bundles of pieces, etc. Watch them, as with beaming countenances they plan, cut, and make quilts, aprons, and various useful and ornamental articles, estimating their value, and making arrangements for their sale.

Shall I tell you the reason of this enthusiasm? A few years ago, a lovely christian young lady, whose heart went out in sympathy for the lost, called together the children of her neighborhood, and told them of poor little children far away in heathen lands, who were growing up in ignorance and

degradation, having never even heard of the dear Saviour who died for them. She proposed that they unite with her, in working for those destitute ones. Their loving little hearts responded at once to the call, cheerfully, eagerly taking their places in the ranks of missionary workers. How happy they were, doing such noble service under the leadership of their sweet friend and counselor! Twenty-four dollars had been raised for our ragged schools in India, when their dear friend and leader was taken to the other shore.

They sat in grief, with folded hands, one whole year. No one to lead them! Dear little lambs! Jesus was caring for them, and influencing them to the right. After a time they arose, put on their beautiful garments of hope and love, purified by their great trial, and went to work for the Master as best they could. They organized themselves into a little society, making their own by-laws. At the opening of their meetings they read a portion of Scripture, repeat the Lord's Prayer in concert, and sing. Their by-laws are worthy of imitation by older people. They are as follows:

- 1st. We will kneel when we pray.
- 2d. No whispering.
- 3d. Love one another.
- 4th. Do unto others as you would be done by.
- 5th. No talking about each other.

Are there not other dear little children who will "go and do likewise"?

M. R. WADE.

For Children's Meetings.

INDIA.



ET the following programme be used, with an invitation to new children to attend the meeting and to join in the exercises:

1. Sing a hymn.
2. All repeat the Lord's Prayer with bowed heads.
3. Next, use the following or some other responsive reading:

Leader.—"Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession."

All.—"All the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto the Lord; and all the kindreds of the nations worship before Him."*

Leader.—"Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over."

All.—"He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully."

4. Sing "Only an Armor Bearer."
5. Next the Missionary Dialogue on India, which teaches so many things you

should know. It is mentioned in our "Helps for Auxiliaries."

6: Let some one prepare a list of the names of our missionaries, and find the places where they are located on Dr. Phil-

lips' Mission Map. Repeat them all over and over again.

7. Let the children ask questions, and ask them questions on what they have studied for the past quarter.

NATIVE Christians in Madagascar have "shown their faith by their works" by contributing a million dollars for religious purposes in the last ten years. Twenty-five years ago two thousand persons were killed on the island in one year for believing in Christ. Is there no significance in such a contrast as this? How can skepticism refute so powerful an argument for the truth of the Gospel?

"He that oppreseth the poor to increase his riches, and he that giveth to the rich, shall surely come to want."—Prov. xxii., 16.

Contributions

FROM FEBRUARY 1, 1883, TO MARCH 1, 1883.

CORRECTIONS.—In receipts for October, the \$50 from Nova Scotia should have been \$25 from the Caledonia Juvenile Band of Willing Workers, and \$25 from Mrs. James Cushing, Caledonia. Money in November receipts sent by Mrs. Hayes should have been credited to Gardiner, \$3.50; Bean's Corner and Wilton, \$3.82; and East New Sharon, \$2.00; all of Maine, for Miss Coombs' outfit, instead of Main Street Sunday School Class.

MAINE.

Auburn, for Miss Coombs' outfit and salary.....	\$12 00	Falmouth, for Miss M. Bachelor's support.....	13 03
Augusta, Auxiliary, for Emeline, and to complete Mrs. Files life membership.....	7 00	Green, for Miss Coombs' outfit and salary.....	3 50
Church, for Miss Coombs' outfit and salary.....	5 00	Harrison, Auxiliary, for native teacher, Minnie.....	6 25
Bowdoinham, for Miss Coombs' outfit and salary.....	7 00	Kingfield, Auxiliary, for Miss Coombs' outfit and salary.....	6 00
Brunswick, for Miss Coombs' outfit and salary.....	12 00	Lewiston, Main St. church, for Miss Coombs' outfit and salary.....	84 75
First Church.....	5 00	Main St. S. S. class, for teacher at Midnapore, and toward constituting Mrs. Bertha Dunning life member.....	6 00
First Church, Auxiliary, for native teacher, Orna.....	6 25	Pine St. church, for Miss Coombs' support.....	20 00
Dixfield, for Miss Coombs' outfit and salary.....	5 00	Pine St. church, for Miss Coombs' outfit and salary.....	44 25
East Bowdoinham, for Miss Coombs' outfit and salary.....	1 37	River Road District, for Miss Coombs' outfit and salary.....	3 23
East Parsonsfield, Auxiliary, for Miss M. Bachelor's support....	2 00	Litchfield Plains, for Miss Coombs' outfit and salary.....	5 00
East New Portland, for Miss Coombs' outfit and salary.....	4 00	Lisbon, Mrs. A. Gordan, for Miss Coombs' outfit and salary.....	2 00
East Otisfield, Auxiliary, for Miss M. Bachelor's support, and toward constituting Mrs. Sarah Kemp life member.....	4 21	Lisbon Falls, Mrs. Hackett, for Miss Coombs' outfit and salary.....	2 00

Livermore Falls, Mary C. Hatch, for F. M.....	1 00
New Portland, for Miss Coombs' outfit and salary.....	6 75
North Berwick.....	4 00
North Boothbay, Mrs. M. A. Atwood, thank offering.....	4 00
North Lebanon, Auxiliary.....	6 00
Portland, for Miss Coombs' outfit and salary.....	24 00
Richmond, for Miss Coombs' outfit and salary.....	5 00
Mrs. White.....	1 00
Saco, for Miss Coombs' outfit and salary.....	6 00
North Auburn, for Miss Coombs' outfit and salary.....	3 80
South Limington, Auxiliary.....	4 00
Sumner, for Miss M. Bachelor's support.....	1 00
Sweden, for Miss M. Bachelor's support.....	3 54
Weld, for Miss M. Bachelor's support.....	3 30
West Bowdoin, for Miss M. Bachelor's support.....	22 21
West Lebanon, Auxiliary, \$1.75 for Harper's Ferry, and \$4.50 F. M.....	6 25
West Waterville, Q. M. collection \$10.00 and \$3.00 from Auxiliary.	13 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Bristol, Mrs. Harvey Brown.....	70 00
Danville, Auxiliary.....	10 00
Auxiliary, for Miss Brackett's salary.....	5 00
Dover, Rev. G. C. Waterman.....	5 00
Washington St., Auxiliary.....	7 35
New Market, Auxiliary, for F. M.	7 10
North Sandwich, Auxiliary, \$5.00 for H. M., and \$10.00 for Mrs. D. F. Smith's salary, and toward constituting Mrs. Clara Morrison life member.....	15 00

VERMONT.

St. Johnsbury, Auxiliary.....	7 20
North Tunbridge, Auxiliary, for Mrs. D. F. Smith's salary...	1 00
Strafford, Q. M., collection for Mrs. D. F. Smith's salary.....	3 34

MASSACHUSETTS.

Abington, Mrs. M. J. Talbot \$2.00, and Mrs. H. K. Pierce \$2.00 for F. M.....	4 00
Blackstone, Busy Bees, for Ragged Schools.....	1 25
Busy Bees, for Miss Franklin's salary.....	1 25
Busy Bees, for Miss Ida Phillips' support.....	1 25
Miss L. J. Westcott \$1.00, and Mrs. M. A. White \$1.00.....	2 00
Auxiliary \$6.25 for Miss H. Phillips; and \$3.75 for Miss Franklin.....	10 00

Auxiliary, \$1.00; for general fund, \$.25; for Literature and Incidental Fund.....	1 25
Farnumsville, Church, for Miss H. Phillips' support.....	2 00
Lynn, Church Auxiliary, collection at Q. M.....	12 07

RHODE ISLAND.

Greenville, Mission and Temperance Band, for Miss Ida Phillips	8 32
Pascoag, Auxiliary, for Miss H. Phillips' support.....	12 50
Providence, Roger Williams, Auxiliary, for Miss H. Phillips' support.....	18 50
Roger Williams, Auxiliary, Young People's Society, for Miss H. Phillips.....	15 00
Roger Williams, Busy Gleaners, for Miss Franklin's salary...	18 75
Roger Williams, Busy Gleaners, for Literature and Incidental Fund.....	50
Roger Williams, Busy Gleaners, \$2.50 General Fund; and \$3.50 for Ragged Schools.....	6 00

NEW YORK.

Canandaigua, Mr. Lincoln, in memory of his wife, for F. M.....	1 00
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ILLINOIS.

Prairie City, \$5.00 of which is for native teacher with Mrs. Phillips.....	8 50
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MISSOURI.

Springfield, Mrs. S. L. Dittrick for zenana teacher...	25 00
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MICHIGAN.

Pittsford, from a friend, \$2.00 for Storer College, and \$3.00 for F. M.....	5 00
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IOWA.

Agency City, Rev. E. Dudley, \$4.00; Orrin T. Dudley, \$1.00; Mrs. Thomas, \$1.00; Mrs. LaForce, \$1.00; Miss L. Knight, \$.60; the balance by friends, all for F. M.....	8 50
Waterloo, Auxiliary, \$3.60 for F. M.; \$3.60 for H. M.....	7 20

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Compton, for Mrs. D. F. Smith	4 00
Staustead, Auxiliary, for zenana teacher, Emily.....	15 00
Stanstead, Auxiliary, for Mrs. D. F. Smith.....	25 00

Total, \$726 52

Miss L. A. DEMERITTE, Treas.,
per Mrs. M. S. WATERMAN.

DOVER, N. H. Assistant Treas.

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A list of the leaflets published by the Woman's Missionary Society is here given, to which have been added a few books and pamphlets which are of special value. They will be forwarded on receipt of price stated. Those under head of miscellaneous are for gratuitous distribution, but contributions are desired for the Literature Fund, by means of which they are printed. From time to time others will be added.

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- Constitution of the F. B. Woman's Missionary Society.
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- Hints and Helps for Q. M. Societies.
- Constitution for Auxiliaries, including Hints for Organization, and other valuable items. 4 pages.
- Constitution for Mission Bands, including valuable suggestions. 8 pages.
- Blanks for reporting Mission Bands, Auxiliaries, Q. M. and Y. M. Societies.

Readings.

- "Thanksgiving Ann." "A Plea for Zenana Women," by Mrs. J. L. Phillips.
- "A Plea for Santal Women," by Mrs. Burkholder.

Dialogues.

- A Missionary Dialogue on India, "The Toilers," for twelve children.
- Price for Readings and Dialogues, 3 cents each.*

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- "My Missionary Box and I".....10 cts.
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- "Missionary Exercises," a collection of Bible Readings, Dialogues, Poems, etc., including postage.....35 cts.
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